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a general quotation list. I'd stick around this forenoon if I was you."

"By Jove!" says J. Dudley. "I will." And maybe you know how welcome any new way of killin' time can be when you're out on a boat with nothin' doin' but three or four calls to grub a day. Dudley goes it strong. He plants himself in a chair just outside the wireless man's little coop, and begins feedin' Meyers monogrammed cigarettes and frivolous anecdotes of his past life.

Havin' the scene set like that made it easy. All I has to do is sketch out the plot to Vee and wait for Rupert to come gum-shoein' around.

"Just follow my lead, that's all," says I, as we fixes some seat cushions in the shade of one of the life-boats on the upper deck. "And when you spot him—"

"He's coming up now," whispers Vee.

"Then here goes for improvisin' a mystery," says I. "Is he near enough?"

Vee glances over her shoulder.

"Go on," says she. Then, a bit louder: "Tell—tell me the worst, Torchy."

"I ain't sure yet," says I, "but take it from me there's something bein' hatched on this yacht besides cold-storage eggs."

"Hatched?" says Vee.

"S-s-s-sh!" says I. "Underhanded work; mutiny, maybe."

"O-o-o-oh!" says Vee, givin' a little squeal. "Who could do anything like that?"

"I'm not saying," says I; "but there's a certain party who ain't just what he seems. You'd never guess, either. But just keep your eye on J. Dudley."

"Wh-a-at!" gasps Vee. "Mr. Simms?"

"Uh-huh," says I. "Listen. He knows about Nunca Secos Key, don't he? And about the gold and jewels there?"

"That's so," says Vee. "But so do all of us. Only we don't know just where the island is."

"Suppose Dudley had buffaloeed Old Hickory into showin' him the map?"

"Well?" demands Vee.

"Wouldn't it be easy enough," I goes on, "if he had pals ashore, to pass on the description, have them start out in a fast

yacht from New Orleans or Key West, and beat us to it?"

"But I don't see," says Vee, "how he could get word to them."

"Look!" says I, pointin' to the wireless gridiron over our heads. "Where do you guess he is now?"

Vee shakes her head.

"Gettin' in his fine work with Meyers," says I. "He's been at it ever since breakfast."

"Think of that!" says Vee. "And you believe he means to—"

"S-s-sh!" says I. "Some one might be rubberin'."

DOES it work? Say, when I gets up to scout around, Rupert has disappeared, and for the first time since we've been aboard he leaves us alone for the rest of the forenoon. We didn't hate that exactly. Vee reads some out of a book, draws sketches of me, and we has long talks about—well, about a lot of things.

Anyway, I'm strong for this yacht cruisin' stuff when there's no Rupert interference. It's so sort of chummy. And with a girl like Vee to share it with—well, I don't care how long it lasts, that's all.

And the next thing we knows there goes the luncheon gong. As we climbs down to the main deck where we can get a view forward, Vee gives me a nudge and snickers. J. Dudley Simms is still roostin' alongside the wireless cabin; and just beyond, crouched behind a stanchion with one ear juttin' out, is Captain Killam.

"Fine!" says I. "Rupert's got a steady job, eh?"

About then the other folks commence mobilizin' for a drive on the dinin'-room, and some one calls Dudley to come along.

"Just a moment," says he, scribblin' on a pad. "There!" and he hands a message over to Meyers.

"Ha, ha!" says a hoarse voice behind him.

Then things happened quick. Rupert makes a sudden pounce. He grabs Dudley, pinnin' his arms to his sides, and starts weavin' a rope around him.

"Oh, I say!" says Dudley. "What the deuce?"



"Rupert is always snoopin' around, pussy-footin' up behind you when you're talkin' to any one."

"Traitor!" hisses Rupert dramatic. "You will, will you?"

J. Dudley may look like a Percy boy too, but he ain't one to stand bein' wrapped up like a parcels-post package, or for the hissin' act—not when he's in the dark as to what it's all about. He just naturally cuts loose with the rough stuff himself. A skilful squirm or two, and he gets his elbows loose. Then, when he gets a close-up of who's tryin' to snare him, he pushes a snappy left in on Rupert's nose.

"Go away, fellow!" remarks Dudley.

"Snake in the grass!" says Rupert.

Then they clinched and begun rollin' over on the deck, clawin' each other. Course, Mrs. Mumford lets out a few frantic squeals and slumps in a faint. Professor Leonidas Barr starts wringin' his hands and groanin', "Oh, dear, Oh, dear, dear!" Auntie, she just stands there gaspin' and tryin' to unlimber her lorgnette.

As for Old Hickory, he watches the proceedin's breathless for a second or so before he can make out what's happenin'. Then he roars:

"Hey, stop 'em, somebody! Stop 'em, I say!"

That listened to me like my cue, and while I've never been strong for mixin' in a muss, I jumped into this one lively. And between me and the deck steward haulin' one way, and Meyers and Mr. Ellins pullin' the other, we finally pries 'em

apart, breathin' hard and glarin' menacin'.

"Now, in the name of Mars," demands Old Hickory, "what the sulphuretted syntax is this all about? Come, Captain Killam, you started this; tell us why."

"He—he's a traitor, that's why!" pants Rupert, pointin' at Dudley.

"Bah!" says Old Hickory. "Whaddye mean, traitor?"

"He's plotting to send confederates to Nunca Secos Key before we get there," says Rupert. "Plotting to steal our buried treasure. See! He was just sending a message to some of his gang."

"Eh!" snorts Mr. Ellins. "A message?"

Meyers fishes it out of his pocket and hands it over.

"Huh!" says Old Hickory, puzzlin' it out. "Advise how infant is doing. Send care yacht *Agnes*, off Charleston." Dudley, what infant is this?"

Dudley grins sheepish. "Consolidated Munitions," says he.

"Oh!" says Old Hickory. "A war infant, eh? I see." Then he whirls on Rupert. "And by what idiotic inference, Killam, did you conjure up this rubbish about a plot?"

Rupert, he turns and stares indignant at me. Old Hickory follows the accusin' look, and next thing I know I'm in the spot-light for fair.

"Hah!" observes Mr. Ellins. "You, eh?"

Now, there's only one rule I got for dealin' with the big boss. I stick to facts and make 'em snappy.

"Uh-huh," says I. "Me."

"You thought it humorous, I presume," he goes on, "to tell this silly yarn to Captain Killam?"

"BUT he didn't," speaks up Vee. "He was telling it to me; that is, we were telling it to each other—making it up as we went along. So there!"

"Oh!" says Mr. Ellins. "And the Captain happened to overhear, did he?"

"Happened!" says I. "Like you happen to climb a fire-escape. That's Rupert's long suit—overhearin' things. He's been favorin' us a lot lately."

"What about that, Killam?" asks Mr. Ellins.

"Why—er—ah—" stutters Rupert, "perhaps I have. But when you see two persons getting off by themselves and talking so much together, you naturally—"

"Bah!" explodes Old Hickory. "Can't you remember back to nineteen, Killam?" Then he turns to me. "So you concocted this plot story for Captain Killam's benefit, did you?"

I nods.

"I thought it would keep him off our heels for a while," says I. "I fed him an earful, I guess."

"Young man," says Mr. Ellins, shakin' a forefinger at me, but lettin' his left eyelid drop knowin', "the next time I find that imagination of yours running loose I—I'll authorize Captain Killam to catch it and put it in irons. Now let's have luncheon."



"We finally pries 'em apart, breathin' hard and glarin' menacin'."

Marketing by Motor-Car

THE motor-car has brought many innovations to our every-day life, and not the least of these is marketing by motor, whereby a woman driver may secure the freshest of fresh vegetables and the finest of native fruits at the lowest prices for home consumption, and also have the fun of shopping in the country.

It sounds paradoxical to say that the motor-car will reduce the cost of living. But the woman who has a motor-car at her disposal and who goes out into the country two or three times a week will find great possibilities in the way of doing the family marketing without the offices of the middle-man.

How I Got the Idea

I WAS taking a spin through the country one day, and noticed peas growing in a fine-looking farm-garden near the highway. They looked so tempting and appetizing that a happy inspiration

came to me. Stopping my car, I walked up to the door of the farm-house, and asked the woman who responded if she would sell me some peas picked fresh from the vines. It was evidently an unusual request; but, after considering it a moment, the woman decided she would. This was my first experience at buying in the country.

One afternoon last season, when I was driving out for a pleasure spin, I stopped at the farm from which vegetables were regularly brought to my home, and brought back a dozen ears of corn. The freshness of the corn, when served that evening for dinner, so pleased me that during the rest of the summer I made regular trips, bringing back whatever vegetables I would otherwise have ordered when the farmer made his visits to my home.

I also made trips to the dairy farm

that supplied me with milk, cream, and butter, and ascertained, to my own satisfaction, just what sort of place these products came from.

Some women have a fad for going after mushrooms in the car. Of course, to do this, one must know mushrooms from toadstools.

Farmers' Prices Usually Low

I HAVE found the farmers' prices nearly always lower than those of the current market. I always make it a point to do my own selecting, and to know what the prices should be, and there is rarely an instance where I find any one trying to take advantage, either in quality or in price. I can usually buy green corn for twelve cents a dozen when the city price is twenty cents; peas for ten cents a quart when they bring fifteen in the mar-

kets, and other vegetables in proportion. I have bought practically all my vegetables and fruit in this way since I realized how different they taste when eaten fresh.

The farmers are beginning to appreciate the importance of this motor-marketing. A number whose farms adjoin well traveled roads have in the last season or two built stands on which to place samples of vegetables and fruits. They place the stand in the front yard, where it can easily be seen by passing motorists. Tags, showing prices considerably lower than those of the city markets, are attached, and the result proves a mutual benefit to farmer and motorist.

There are great possibilities for this type of marketing, and "motor farms," where motorists are specially catered to, will be found among the early developments within easy riding access of the city.